MMMolestation on the Friendship Express

By: One Terrible Writer

Sexy sabotage! Pinkie Pie's efforts to safeguard her cake are thwarted when she discovered that it has been molested! Will she be able to solve the mystery before the dessert-loving villain strikes again, or will somepony else get a cream filling?

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Introduction

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Pinkie Pie rubbed her hooves together as she surveyed the magnificent cake that stood before her in the train carriage. It was the most beautiful sight she'd ever seen - three tiers of marzipan, mascarpone, meringue and madness.

She wasn't sure how the Cakes had baked 'madness' into it, but that's what they had told her it was, and she wasn't about to question their wisdom. Peering closer, she saw a swirl of chocolate sprinkles. Perhaps that was the madness. Trembling, she stuck out her tongue, feeling the saliva build in anticipation as she hovered it over the chocolate.

She withdrew with a start. "No Pinkie!" she exclaimed, getting hold of herself. "No, this cake is far too important to eat! It will win the Cakes first prize at the National Dessert Competition in Canterlot!"

"Aha, le non!" Boarding the train with a swish of wings came a scraggly griffon with a large, thin moustache, a beret on his head and a string of garlic hung around his neck. "Ze magnificent éclairs of Gustave le Grand will win ze day!"

"A really racist stereotype!" Pinkie squeaked in surprise, leaping in front of the defenceless cake. "Get away from the Cake's cake!"

Gustave twirled his moustache as he patted a trolley full of éclairs. "Ha! I speet at your cake! Speet!"

"No, don't do that either!" Pinkie's eyes bulged at the thread.

Slowly, the griffon pushed his cart into a corner, sneering at Pinkie's spongy contribution. "Non, your cake, eet will not win ze competition! Eet haz az much chance az weening az I do taking a shower!"

"Wow, that's really really offensive, are you sure you're allowed here?" Pinkie glowered at the griffon, hoping he would go away. He

didn't. "Well, if this is the only competition, the Cakes will be sure to win!"

"Not so fast!" Into the carriage trotted an elderly donkey pushing along a massive life-sized sculpture of a moose. "My gigantic chocolate mousse moose will win the competition or my name isn't Mulia Mild. Which it is."

Pinkie was momentarily taken aback by the huge chocolate beast that rolled up to take its place next to the éclair trolley. "That better be chocolate, lady!" She looked between the two rival deserts, casting a critical eye over each. "Hah, those don't look like they'll win anything; it'll take a sick donut wielding psychopath to beat my cake!"

"Sorry I'm late bitches!" A portly pony dressed in a suspiciously stained chef's apron trotted in, pushing a mountain of glistening donuts. "Donut Joe's the name, and I love donuts. I mean..." he licked his lips, a thin trail of drool escaping. "I love donuts." One of the donuts rolled off the top of the pile onto the floor. He stared at it, slobbering. "Oh you naughty donut, falling onto the floor. You're so dirty! I bet you want some of my cream filling? Yes you do, oh oh oh..."

He trailed off as he saw that the other occupants of the carriage were staring at him. He gave a cough and straightened up. "So yeah, that's my weird gimmick."

The three bakers lined up, each of them flexing their culinary muscles and eying up the competition.

"Pinkie!"

Pinkie gave a grin as Twilight Sparkle called her name, trotting onto the train with Fluttershy, Rainbow Dash, and Rarity. "Girls, I knew you'd come to lend moral support!" she chirped happily. "Now all my friends are here!"

Twilight frowned as she looked at all the ponies present. "Hmm Pinkie, it feels like we're missing somepony."

Pinkie's eyes narrowed. "No Twilight. No we're not." She brightened up almost instantly as she stroked her cake lovingly. "Now, I'm going to guard this delicious cake all night just in case any of you eat it!"

"Hey!" Rainbow Dash shouted back. "Don't be silly Pinkie! I'm the element of loyalty, not a huge bitch; I won't eat your cake!"

"Yeah!" Fluttershy clamped her hooves over her mouth, blushing at her sudden outburst. "I know how much your cake means to the Cakes, and that it is for a competition not eating! It would be really really out of character for me to eat it!"

"And I'm generosity!" Rarity purred. "I'm more likely to give you cake than steal it!"

"Right, so logically, Twilight will be the cake thief!" Pinkie peered at Twilight closely, who backed away. "I'll be watching you Twilight. Watching you closely."

The train thundered through the night, the chugging of the engines being oddly calming as all on board slept soundly.

All but one.

Pinkie sat stock still, quietly watching, her eyes never leaving her target. She had been in the same position for hours, but so far her observations had been fruitless.

"Watching Twilight sleep is boring!" Pinkie lamented, pulling herself out of Twilight's overhead locker as her friend snored heavily in the bed that dominated the small cabin. "I thought I was onto something when she started moaning about zebras, but then she just made odd noises and fell asleep." She glared harder at Twilight, daring her to

move. "I know what you're up to Twilight, you want my cake, you want it bad. Well, my cake's not for eating!"

A crash from the main carriage pulled Pinkie from her monologuing. With a scream she raced into the pitch black room to defend the honour of her dessert. "Thief, thief!" she yelled, eyes darting about in the blackness to look for the culprit.

There was another smash as something at the far end was dislodged and fell to the floor. Pinkie galloped at full speed, only to meet the wall headfirst.

And then nothing.

"She's alive!"

Pinkie slowly came to, blinking on the floor as sunshine danced across her face. Dazedly, she got to her feet, seeing that she was surrounded by seven concerned faces.

Rainbow Dash passed Rarity a ten bit note. "You win," she muttered grumpily.

"Pinkie, it's so good to see you're all right!" Twilight smiled at her friend with a grin that was a bit too wide. "Did you... have a nice rest?"

"What happened? What happened?" Pinkie almost yelled, racing towards the cake. "My poor cake, what did they do to it?"

Several hooves shot out to restrain the pink pony. "Pinkie..." Fluttershy began, glancing side to side nervously. "You might not want to..."

Pinkie shook off the hooves grasping her as she marched towards the cake. "Don't worry, I can take- argh!" Her mouth dropped to the

floor in shock as she felt tears welling up. "What... what have they done?"

The cake was almost perfect. Almost, apart from a rough, cylindrical hole that had been pounded through the icing straight into the tight spongy centre. Something white was dripping from the hole. Pinkie was sure it wasn't icing.

"Who fucked my cake?!" Pinkie started to froth, dancing about as her eyes roamed the room for the culprit. "It was a poor, innocent cake! It couldn't have said no, it was a cake! It was uncakesensual!"

"That's awful!" Rarity whispered, voicing the concerns of her friends. "Uncakesensual? That's the best you could do?"

Pinkie ignored the criticism, gazing over the bakers and then her friends with unbridled suspicion. "Only one pony would be sick enough to screw my cake and that pony is..."

She whirled around, pointing a hoof in accusation. "RAINBOW DASH! You were lonely because nopony loves you and so you fucked the cake with your massive wang!"

"Hey, that's a lie!" Rainbow Dash retorted. "I've got loads of friends!"

"Also Pinkie, Rainbow doesn't have an enormous wang." Twilight lifted Rainbow Dash's tail as proof. Everyone peered in.

"Huh..." Pinkie frowned. "Rainbow Dash is a girl. Well, in that case it must have been... FLUTTERSHY!" She pointed at Fluttershy, who recoiled in fear. "Or should I say... FUTASHY?"

"It's true, it's true!" Fluttershy wailed. "I... I..." She paused. "Wait, what does that mean?"

"It means spread them!" Pinkie yelled, leaping at Fluttershy's hindquarters and mashing away at her nether regions. "There's a huge cock in there somewhere, hungry for cake! I know it!"

"No Pinkie, no!" Twilight pulled Pinkie away from the terrified Fluttershy, pausing for a quick peek herself. "No, Fluttershy doesn't have a huge wang either! Isn't it more likely that the... guilty party is somepony else?"

"Yeah, the cakefucker must be Gustave!" Pinkie screamed at the top of her throat as the entire room gasped. "He's a horrible stereotype, and everypony knows that Frenchies will screw anything!"

"Ah, zat is true!" Gustave bowed his head. "I am zo morally corrupt! But it waz not me, for az a griffon, ah have a... how you say..." He lifted his tail to reveal a strange fleshy pit. "Cloaca."

Pinkie turned slightly green and threw up a bit in her mouth. "Ew, griffons," she muttered, looking for the next culprit. "Well, I guess it couldn't have been Twilight or Rarity because they don't have wangs, and I don't think Mulia has a wang, so what sick cake-obsessed pervert would have leapt upon my cake and screwed its fillings out?"

All eyes turned to Donut Joe, who was busy slobbering over his greasy donut cart.

"Donut Joe?" Pinkie uttered in a low tone. "Do you have a dessert fetish?"

Donut Joe turned with a smug look on his face. "Yes I do!" he proudly boasted, puffing out his chest. "Those slutty little donuts! They're always asking for it with their firm, round mounds! Jam donuts, custard donuts, cream donuts..." his face darkened. "Of course they're all cream donuts once I've finished with them!"

"So... you did screw my cake?" Pinkie peered forwards.

Donut Joe stuck his tongue out. "Don't be disgusting Pinkie, I only fuck donuts!"

"Oh, that's okay then!" Pinkie smiled back. "By the way, thanks for that big box you delivered the other day, I ate them all myself, they were scrummy!"

"Heh. Heh. Heh." Donut Joe licked some drool off his lips. "I'm glad you enjoyed them Pinkie. That batch was particularly... naughty."

There was an awkward silence, and then Pinkie piped up again. "So if Donut Joe, Gustave, Mulia, Twilight, Rainbow Dash, Rarity and Fluttershy didn't do it, then I guess the cakefucker must be..."

Pinkie turned, but it was too late. A loud snorting filled the carriage, the sound of a wild beast about to charge. In the corner was the chocolate mousse moose. But it was no longer placid - it was throwing its head back and forth, hooves pawing at the ground, eyes glowing with a chocolaty energy. And slung beneath its belly was the biggest chocolate wang that Pinkie had ever seen, standing to attention and ready to attack!

"Of course!" Pinkie squeaked, "who else would try to molest a dessert but another dessert! It's so logical!"

Twilight just stared at the moose's member. "Hey Rainbow Dash..." she muttered. "Does this remind you of the time we were captured by those zebras and they wanted to rape you, and I said "no, take me instead," but they wouldn't, and I kept begging for them to take me instead of you and I did an erotic dance and they ended up throwing up lots and running away. Does this remind you of that?"

The moose turned its head to gaze with lusty abandon at each of the carriage inhabitants in turn, it's chocolaty cock dribbling icing onto the floor in anticipation.

"Look unsexy!" Rarity whispered, puffing out her cheeks. "Follow Twilight's lead!"

"This is my fault!" Mulia started to weep out loud, throwing herself onto the ground in front of the dangerously erotic dessert. "I wanted

to win the competition so badly; I sold my soul to Krastos the Gluemaker for a magical chocolate mousse moose!"

Pinkie took a big gulp, stepping back as the moose began to prowl hungrily forwards. "There there Mulia!" she called. "It's okay, anypony could make that mistake!"

"Ach, I too sold my zoul to Krastos ze Gluemaker!" Gustave suddenly announced. "Ah vanted to vin ze competition zo bad, ah had him make me two dozen erotic flying dildo éclairs!"

Behind him the éclair cart suddenly upturned as two dozen creamy éclairs hovered into the air, all of them vibrating slightly.

Gustave shrugged. "Vat can I say? I am totally zick in ze head, I am French!"

"Are there any more dessert related dark secrets?" Pinkie growled in annoyance, glancing in the direction of Donut Joe.

"Ah, you got me!" Donut Joe gave a filthy grin. "Underneath the pile of donuts on this cart is a photo of me with all the donuts hanging on my cock. Heh heh heh, the judges and princess will love that." He started to dribble again.

The moose had its eyes fixed firmly on Pinkie, it's cock-head following her around the room as she edge her way towards the door. Behind her, a group of éclairs broke off, hovering to cut off her escape. "I don't want anypony to panic..." she mumbled "...but RUN!"

There was a frantic dash of activity. Fluttershy and Mulia leapt through the nearest door, bolting it shut. Rainbow Dash and Gustave dived out of one window, flying to safety. Rarity and Donut Joe leapt out the other window with a scream and a crunch.

Pinkie Pie continued to back away, finding that the moose and éclairs were pushing her into a corner. "Twilight!" she hissed at her

friend, who seemed to be standing with wide eyes. "Get out of here, I'll hold them off!"

Twilight collected her thoughts, breaking away from staring at the moose. "Oh, okay Pinkie!" she called back. She trotted towards the moose, and then tripped over. "Oh. Oh. Clumsy me!" she said in a loud uneven tone. "Look I have tripped over and my ass is now in the air. I am so unprotected, anything could happen!" Twilight lifted her rear end in front of the moose, wiggling it slightly and moving her tail to one side. "Oh goodness I am so powerless whatever will become of me?"

The moose trotted around Twilight in a neat circle, and then with eyes fixed greedily on Pinkie, leapt in for the kill. Pinkie quivered, covering her eyes as the moose pinned her down, pressing its weight against her. She could feel the smooth chocolate of its belly on her back, its hooves against her hooves, that huge throbbing chocolate member rubbing up and down, leaving a warm trail of icing over her cutie mark as it moved across her flanks.

"Run Twilight run!" Pinkie screamed out at her friend, who seemed dazed and confused, just sitting there watching. As she cried out, a hovering éclair dived forwards to insert itself in her mouth. Her cheeks bulged as she felt the sugary creamy dessert slide in and out, slowly at first but then faster. Her tongue automatically ran across the underside to lap up the sugar as she tried not to gag.

"I can't!" Twilight spoke out loud without much conviction. "Oh no those flying éclair dildos are after me too!" As she said this, the nearest éclairs to her started to fly away as fast as they possibly could. With a look of determination, Twilight gave chase.

Pinkie meanwhile, whimpered as she felt the head of the moose-cock pressing against her entrance. It was smooth and gooey, and seemed to throb with an unnatural heat. With a sudden thrust, the moose pushed into her and Pinkie's eyes bulged open, almost choking as the éclair in her mouth took the opportunity to push further in to her throat.

The chocolate cock was huge, every inch it pushed in felt like it would break her. Pinkie scrunched her eyes up and squeezed down on it hard. If it was chocolate, perhaps it was hollow and she could shatter it. It didn't work; this seemed to please the moose who snorted out loud at his conquest, starting to saw in and out of Pinkie harder and faster.

Pinkie's eyes started to roll back into her head. She could vaguely see Twilight trying to lasso an escaping éclair with her magic, but failing. What a brave friend, she thought, but it was to no avail. Her belly bulged as the moose pounded deeper and deeper within her, and then it started to throb more, another heat building up.

Pinkie struggled, but could not cry out due to the éclair in her mouth. With a roar, the moose slammed its hips into Pinkie, who felt two large chocolate balls slap against her ass, and then a hot rush as gallon after gallon of icing blasted into her belly, the pressure building up as more and more sugary seed was expelled into her, before dribbling down her inner thighs in a thick gloopy mess.

Her head feeling woozy, Pinkie almost wanted to collapse. But the moose wasn't slowing down; with a snarl it picked its pace up again, thrusting back and forth, the wet slapping noise of the icing-covered member filling her ears. She knew unless she did something clever, it would be the end of her. And while it wasn't the worst way in the world to go, it would be pretty awkward to have to explain to her parents.

She did the only thing she knew how to do.

Pinkie bit down on the éclair in her mouth, severing it in half and swallowing it. As the remains of the éclair started to bleed jam and fly away, she twisted herself. The moose cried out in agony as its chocolate cock snapped off, the end jutting out of Pinkie's slit. "Horseshoe's on the other hoof now!" she grinned as she opened her mouth again and lunged for the delicious moose's throat.

Princess Celestia stood at the train platform as the doors to the carriage opened, disgorging a river of icing, chocolate and two messy looking ponies. "I'm keeping the magical chocolate cock" Pinkie exclaimed to the crowd as she waved the moose's severed member. "This thing is great!"

"I got molested too, honest!" Twilight raised a hoof as an éclair shot out of the open door and tried to escape. "No no, come back, love me!" Twilight gasped, racing after the éclair.

The princess just shook her head. "Pinkie, why does this sort of thing always happen every time you come to Canterlot?" She looked into the icing-splattered train carriage and her face brightened. "Well, at least that pile of donuts is untouched!"

Author's note: Obviously this is a parody of 'MMMystery on the Friendship Express' and should be read in that context!